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PUNK ROCK FOOD DRIVE AT GARDEN AMP



JOHN GILHOOLEY

up front

The County

08 | NEWS | Professor Kathleen Treseder settles with UC Irvine over alleged sexual harassment. By Anthony Pignataro

07 | A CLOCKWORK ORANGE | Todd Spitzer goes head-to-head with Marsy's Law. By Matt Coker

07 | HEY, YOU! | Repo man By Anonymous

Cover Story

08 | FEATURE | Ex-NFL player Ricky Williams is helping to spread the herb By A.J. Herrington

in back

Calendar

12 | EVENTS | Things to do while hating Tom Brady

Food

16 | REVIEW | You need to brush up on your knowledge of Egyptian dishes if you go to the new El Fishawy. By Edwin Goei

18 | WHAT THE ALE | Putting the metal in canned beer. By Greg Nagel

18 | LONG BEACH LUNCH | Tito's Bakery is home to the city's best burritos. By Erin DeWitt

19 | EAT & DRINK THIS NOW | Fireside Chats at EATS. By Greg Nagel

Film

20 | REVIEW | *Jobe'z World* is a bizarrely comic descent into drug-induced mayhem. By Aimee Munllo

Culture

21 | ART | This Sally Mann retrospective is worth the trip to the J. Paul Getty Museum in LA. By Dave Barton

21 | ARTS OVERLOAD | Compiled by Aimee Munllo

Music

22 | FEST | The 10 best (and loudest) concerts of NAMM 2019 By Clay Marshall

23 | PROFILE | Matt Allenn proves you can't keep a good rapper down By Nate Jackson

24 | CONCERT QUIOE | Compiled by Nate Jackson

also

26 | SAVAGE LOVE | By Dan Savage

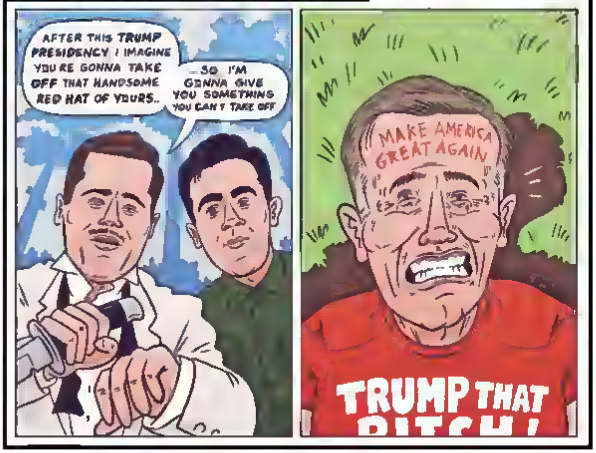
27 | TOKE OF THE WEEK | Wedding Cake by Cream of the Crop. By Jefferson VanBilliard

30 | YESTERNOW | How a local unemployed actor set the world's record for tree-sitting By Alexander Hamilton Cherin

on the cover

Photo illustration and design by Michael Ziobrowski

ORANGE FEATHERS »



OC WEEKLY

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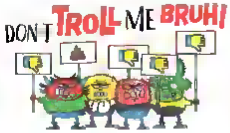
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"I like how you don't post items that are critical toward the writers. Grow some skin. So you get to put your story out, and you allow a comments section, yet you don't post when it's critical to the author. Weak."
—Jawahar K Mohanty, commenting on Nate Jackson's "Live Nation Takes Over Booking Observatory in Santa Ana"

We respond: Not only do we post notes from critical commenters, but we also highlight whiny douchebags. Congrats on being both!







Bad Science

Professor Kathleen Treseder settles with UC Irvine over alleged sexual harassment

BY ANTHONY PIGNATARO

Even Dr. Kathleen Treseder's good days are bad. This might seem to be a non sequitur, but it's her life right now. You would think her life would be great, considering she just agreed to a fairly large settlement with the University of California over its handling of myriad complaints of sexual harassment from Treseder and others against former UC Irvine professor Francisco Ayala, a scientist esteemed around the world whose name adorned the library and school where she worked, until his resignation in disgrace this past summer.

But at the same time, Treseder has chosen to step down as chair of the Ecology and Evolutionary Biology department at UCI's School of Biological Sciences. In fact, she's currently on a leave of absence that's expected to last a few months.

"I don't feel safe even on a good day," she said. The reason? Repeated acts of what she deems "retaliation" from people incensed over her prominent role in the investigation of Ayala. "Retaliation can be inadvertent, unintentional," Treseder explained. "Someone says something they weren't thinking could be hurtful—that doesn't bother me. But it's the planned actions that really have a negative impact. For instance, the letter of support for Ayala that was published by Science Magazine? I consider that retaliation." (See my "A Dozen UC Irvine Professors Express 'Himpathy' Toward Disgraced Colleague Francisco Ayala," Sept. 27, 2018.)

We see this a lot in society—most pronounced now in the presidential candidacy of U.S. Senator Kirsten Gillibrand (D-New York), who has been taking considerable hell from many fellow Democrats following her outspoken role in calling on fellow Democrat Al Franken to resign from the U.S. Senate over multiple sexual-harassment allegations. Though two dozen prominent Senate Democrats also called for Franken to step down, it was Gillibrand who got stuck with the label of "betrayer."

This is also retaliation, and Cornell University professor Kate Manne, an outspoken critic of all things misogyny, will have none of it.

"So it's useful to remind ourselves that women are entitled to seek the presidency," Manne wrote in The Cut on Jan. 17. "They are entitled to aspire to such positions of power and influence. They are also entitled to speak out in general, and to break the silence surrounding certain powerful men, in particular—men who betray themselves, via their inappropriate, abusive and sometimes misogynistic behavior."

As for the stress that now plays such a prominent role in Treseder's life, that's all too common, according to Joan Cook, an associate professor of psychiatry at the Yale School of Medicine who has extensively studied sexual harassment and post-traumatic stress disorder (PTSD). While Cook wouldn't comment specifically on what Treseder may or may not be feeling, she did talk about the lasting effects sexual harassment can inflict on a person. "Two psychologists, [Claudia] Avina and [William] O'Donohue argued [in 2002] that many forms of sexual harassment meet the psychiatric diagnostic criteria for PTSD," Cook wrote in a Dec. 18, 2018, email. "They argued that some sexual harassment poses a threat to one's physical integrity by threatening [the] victim's financial well-being (it interferes with one's ability to work efficiently and productively, could result in loss of employment or the person could voluntarily leave their job resulting in financial loss), their physical boundaries (violation of personal values and boundaries), and their control over situations [in which one] should legitimately expect to have some control (e.g., they have no control over the harassment itself, may find that their assertive behaviors do nothing to stop it, experience retaliation, believe no corrective action will be or even can be done about it)."

According to Joan Cook, an associate professor of psychiatry at the Yale School of Medicine who has extensively studied sexual harassment and PTSD, the research is far from definitive. "There are other health care professionals who argue that sexual harassment does not constitute a 'big T' trauma (one that would produce PTSD) unless it is a rape or battery," she said. "I can understand both points. Two of the biggest predictors of subsequent psychological distress post-harassment are harassment severity and target self-blame. So the greater the dose and duration of the harassment and the more the target blames herself, the more psychologically distressed she is."

In any case, Treseder's legal fight against UCI over Ayala is now over.

"No lawsuit was filed," said Treseder's attorney, Micha Star Liberty, adding that her other clients in the Ayala matter (Dr. Jessica Pratt and graduate student Michelle Herrera) have also settled. "It was pre-litigation, and we handled it through the UC General Counsel's office," she said. "All of my clients are extremely satisfied with the results."



COURTESY OF KATHLEEN TRESEDER

Pratt and Herrera didn't respond to requests for comment. UCI Media Relations Director Tom Vasich also declined to comment on the settlement. Assistant Dean Benedicte Shipley, the fourth UCI complainant who publicly accused Ayala of harassment, has apparently not pursued any legal claim against the university.

Treseder plans to use the settlement money (which she described as "in the six figures") to pay her attorneys and fund a nonprofit to help others at the school who've experienced sexual harassment.

"My nonprofit will serve as a legal fund for people at UCI if they're experiencing harassment or discrimination," Treseder said. "It allows them to consult a lawyer. In my case, it was very hard—I didn't know if I needed a lawyer and, if I did, what kind of lawyer I should get. And not too many people have the spare cash to hire a lawyer. My hope is that this will remove some of the burdens for people to get assistance. I'm so glad I hired a lawyer. I didn't need the money for myself, but I want to make sure my lawyer gets paid. I really wanted to get Francisco [Ayala] to leave the university, and my lawyer made that happen."

LETTERS@OCWEEKLY.COM

Not Fade Away

» MATT COKER



RIP

The vehicular-manslaughter case against a woman blamed in the death of a popular South County teacher and triathlete was dismissed on Jan. 18, but the fight for justice by the wife of the deceased rages on.

Scott Clark was jogging around 6:20 p.m. Jan. 25, 2017, near the intersection of Niguel Road and Alicia Parkway in Laguna Niguel, where he was training for an Ironman race. That's when a Mini Cooper collided with a Mercedes-Benz, which then struck Clark.

The 55-year-old died from his injuries on Feb. 8, 2017, at Mission Hospital, leaving behind his wife of 30 years and two grown children. A Capistrano Unified School District teacher for 20 years, Clark had last taught at Truman Benedict Elementary School in San Clemente and then Laguna Niguel Elementary School.

The night of the collision, sheriff's deputies arrested then-34-year-old Jamie Nicole Mulford on suspicion of assault with a deadly weapon (the Mini Cooper) and felony driving under the influence. That marked Mulford's fourth DUI-related incident, including one in Los Angeles County that resulted in the death of a pedestrian. Prosecutors did not charge Mulford there, however.

Back in Laguna Niguel, tests of Mulford came back negative for intoxication, but Orange County prosecutors alleged she had engaged in a road-rage incident in the moments before Clark was struck. She was arraigned in December 2017 on felony manslaughter with gross negligence.

After a year of pretrial hearings, Scott's wife, Christy Clark, met in December 2018 with Deputy District Attorney Brian Orue, who proposed dismissing the case against Mulford. "Of course, I was outraged," Christy says, "not because I am a widow, but because he could not offer a clear explanation as to why the charges would be dropped."

She had brought her own attorney under Marsy's Law, the California Victims' Bill of Rights Act of 2008, whose legal affairs director had been none other than Todd Spitzer, a state assemblyman at the time. Christy says she and her attorney, Rick Welsh, had a positive meeting with Spitzer, who is Orange County's new district attorney, the day before the court hearing where she and her family and friends would watch in horror as the case against Mulford was dismissed.

Christy believes authorities and attorneys on both sides expected her to simply go away, but she vows to hold "rallies for justice and safer streets for pedestrians and cyclists, as there have been far too many deaths as a result of reckless behavior."

"I'm hopeful that we haven't reached the end," she says. "The meeting with Todd Spitzer was encouraging, and I'm grateful for Marsy's Law, which has given me rights and breath."

MCOKER@OCWEEKLY.COM

HeyYou!

» ANONYMOUS

Repo Man



EDIE AUR

Hey, repo guy: Learn to do your job! I watched you the other day slide your tow hitch under a car in the parking lot across the street and attempt to drive off. Its alarm blaring, which let everyone in the neighborhood know what you were doing. But you were sloppy hooking up the car. I know this because it broke free about two seconds after you pulled out of the lot. The hitch must have sliced something important (I'm guessing the brake line) because fluid immediately started gushing out of the car's front end. But instead of getting out to make sure everything was okey, you merely backed up, slid the tow hitch under the car's front end again, then drove off, a nice trickle of dark liquid following you down the street. If I ever get in trouble with my bank, I sure hope you're not the guy who gets the call to take my car.

HEY, YOU! Send anonymous thanks, confessions or accusations—changing or deleting the names of the guilty and innocent—to "Hey You!" c/o *OC Weekly*, 18475 Bandilier Circle, Fountain Valley, CA 92708, or email us at letters@ocweekly.com.





A CHANGE OF SEASONS

Ex-NFL player Ricky Williams is helping to spread the herb

BY A.J. HERRINGTON

Sitting on an oversized sofa inside his Venice Beach townhouse, Ricky Williams explains, "I see myself as a traveling healer, a philosopher, someone who brings wisdom, healing, light and perspective to people."

As I view the Asian artwork surrounding Williams' pad, I can feel the stress of my drive up the 405 abating. Out the back window, ducks drift lazily in a sunlit pond. Branches sway in the gentle breeze, their swelling buds hinting at the promise of spring to come. Williams' approach to healing and wellness includes yoga, astrology and cannabis, the same herb that led to an early exit from the NFL in 2004 over the league's drug policy. Critics bemoaned the young athlete walking away from a multimillion-dollar career to get high, but, Williams says, that's not the whole story. "There was a misunderstanding at the time about what cannabis was and especially what cannabis was for me," he says.

"That statement that I left to smoke weed—it's kind of true," he acknowledges. "But it's a bigger truth. At that time in my life, I was living for a more conventional type of success—more of what was expected of me. I was a good athlete, so I was supposed to be a professional football player. What I've learned about myself is my path is more of a path of someone who smokes weed, meditates, does yoga, is a healer and is into astrology. That's just more of a life that resonates with what I'm supposed to be doing on Earth—more than what I was gifted at and being a football player."



Williams had used cannabis sporadically in college, and after being drafted by the New Orleans Saints in 1999, he started smoking a joint with a teammate after practices to unwind. His use wasn't consciously medical, but it did help him cope with the physical toll inherent in professional football, as well as his anxiety over being in a league where he wasn't sure he belonged.

"My second year in New Orleans, I was dealing with injuries, and it was really stressful," he recalls. "And I started smoking every day after practice with one of my teammates. And I noticed I was in a better mood going to work, and I worked hard, and it helped me manage the stress."

Most NFL players who smoke pot avoid detection by curtailing use before the annual teamwide test, which for the Saints was during training camp. But when Williams was traded to the Miami Dolphins in 2002, he "didn't get the memo" from fellow smokers that Miami held its test in the off-season. His drug test came back positive for cannabis, and Williams was put into the NFL's two-year drug program, which subjected him to screenings nine times per month.

Since cannabis was his only escape from the pressures of football and life, Williams was soon gaming the system, taking the opportunity to smoke a small amount right after each test. Having to use cannabis so sparsely taught him to approach it more mindfully. "During this time, I'm forced because of the drug tests to be moderate and to be conscious about it," he says. "That's something I didn't really plan, but that's one of the keys to using it consciously."

Such introspection caused Williams to question his personal and professional priorities and realize that football wasn't the same for him as it was when he played for the University of Texas and was selected for the Heisman Trophy in 1998. "I loved football in college," he says. "It was everything to me, and I was rewarded for it. And people got me, and there was a smooth flow to it."

In the NFL, Williams says, he felt he was expected to be someone he wasn't and struggled with bouts of depression and social anxiety. He had achieved what society expects from a gifted athlete, he says, and on the conventional path, he was way ahead of the game. "But it didn't feel fulfilling to me," Williams explains. "I was stuck in materialism. I had the good job, the money, the girls and all that stuff, so I should be happy. But there's another part of me that's not being nurtured."

Williams began to consider new perspectives. "I started to think about my life more, and to think about things that I liked about my life and things that I didn't like about my life," he says. "And something about that space — new ideas started to bubble up — I started to read more, and my mind really started to open. And I think that openness and looking at things differently really opened the door for me to realize that this isn't where I'm supposed to be."

At that time, Williams was also strug-

» CONTINUED ON PAGE 10



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A CHANGE OF SEASONS

» FROM PAGE 9

gling with the NFL's policy on and the stigma associated with cannabis. He recalls how the concierge at his condo building was always trying to get Williams to come out to the Miami party scene. He had always declined the invitations, but one day he was in a particularly good mood and decided to ask when the next party was. It was after Memorial Day, the concierge explained, and the big Miami party season was now over until November.

"And it just stuck with me that the season was over," Williams says. "It was like a piece of information I was looking for. So, I was thinking about how football was so great, and now it didn't seem to be so great. Maybe the season has changed, and it's time to do something different. So that kind of gave me permission to allow myself to think about doing something different."

Before long, Williams had made a decision. "In my heart, I knew there was something that cannabis was helping me with—it was providing something for me," he says. "And based on my choices, what it was providing for me was more valuable than what football was providing." Cannabis gave him "space, insight and a connection to who I am at a deeper level," he says. "It gave me a break from the chatter of what I was supposed to be doing."

After testing positive for cannabis in a urinalysis screening, he announced his retirement from professional football in 2004. "That time of my life really was a wake-up for me. I realized, 'I don't think this is what I'm supposed to be doing.'"

Many people didn't understand, he says, because, for once, he wasn't playing the part he was expected to play.

"That's the thing: When you have something that is valued and good, most people try to cling onto it, not being aware that there's going to be a time when it has to go," Williams says. "And it's silly for me to think that everyone's time to go is when they're 38 and they can't play anymore. That doesn't feel like that could even be true."

Retired from the game, Williams then left the country on a journey of self-discovery with the concierge's words still resonating in his mind. "I found myself traveling, but still wrestling with this idea of seasons changing," he says. "And I was in Australia, and somebody gave me a book on Ayurveda. And I opened the book, and it was talking about how seasons change and we need to change with them, too."

He repeatedly noticed he was reaping the benefits of positive people who were generous with the internationally prohibited herb. "I was in Fiji, I was in Australia, I was in countries where people didn't even really know what professional football was—and definitely didn't know who I was—and somehow, I kept seeing and interacting with cannabis," he recalls. "And I wasn't even pursuing it. So, I started to think, 'Is it a horrible thing? And if it is, why does it keep turning up in ways that facilitate communion and people connecting?' I was really wrestling with these questions."



Williams moved to Northern California to study Ayurveda, immersing himself in the Indian holistic healing tradition and ancient yoga point of view. "This way of looking at the world feels like something that's more comfortable to me than the way that I've been taught to look at the world," he recalls thinking.

Even though his Ayurveda training was something he'd never done before, there was some familiarity to the process. "It was not dissimilar to football," Williams explains. "I went to India for a teachers' training course. And it was almost the exact same schedule as training camp. It was grueling, and I loved it! But it was more inner work, not the outer work of being a football player. It was inner work on being a better person. ... I needed to get my life back on track and do physical, emotional and spiritual healing."

When the subject turned to herbs, Williams was soon blending cannabis with traditional and ancient botanical remedies. "I was getting herbs from the herb clinic, and I was getting cannabis from a friend who was a grower. And I was making creams and salves and just starting to formulate because I was loving this idea that," he drops his voice low for dramatic effect, "cannabis can be medicine."

But cannabis or other traditional medications should not be considered a cure-all, Williams says. Instead, they should be part of a holistic approach to wellness that encompasses the body, mind and spirit. He has learned from Ayurveda and Chinese medicine that "the root cause of disease is not knowing who you truly are.

"The herbs can provide some palliative care, can help you feel better, and can help your body move back to balance,"

he explains. "But if the deeper part of you is not in balance, eventually it's going to manifest physically."

After a year of intense study and growth, Williams again began to feel a personal change of the seasons. When the Dolphins reached out to him about coming back, he accepted the offer. He wanted to "do it better" so he could eventually retire again in a more dignified manner.

Williams returned to football with a new approach. "How can I use being a football player to be a better person?" he asked himself. "There's tons of ways to do it. The idea of overcoming your fear—that's an easy one in football. But also, the daily work to become better, just to be a better player, a better teammate."

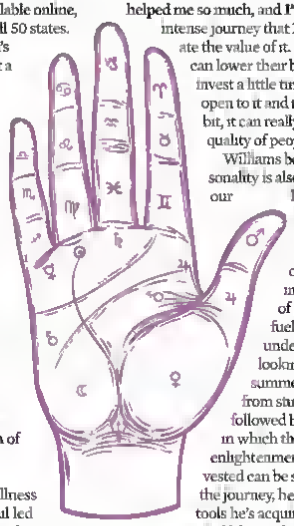
His enjoyment of the game returned, although on a deeper, more personal level. After another six years in the NFL, he retired from the Baltimore Ravens in 2011.

Williams continues his exploration of alternative holistic healing methods by studying Chinese medicine, including acupuncture and herbal formulations, at Emperor's College in Santa Monica. "I'm just fascinated by the way [the ancient Chinese] looked at the world and used their insights about the world to apply it to the body," he says.

With the legalization of cannabis in California, Williams saw a new opportunity to market some of the formulations of weed and other herbs he has created. Real Wellness by Ricky Williams offers THC products such as tinctures, topicals and vape cartridges at dispensaries throughout Southern California, and the company plans to expand to other states with legal pot. A line of CBD remedies is also available online, with purchases shipped to all 50 states.

Many critics of California's take on legalization fear that a cannabis industry that once was mindful of the needs of legitimate medical-marijuana patients is being assailed by the same kind of materialism so prevalent in the NFL. "But it's different," Williams says, "because there are enough people that get it, too. And it seems like a lot of them are fighting to make this industry different."

He agrees, however, that the legal cannabis industry should be about more than recreational pot. "I think it would be a travesty if cannabis were legalized and it just became a glorified form of alcohol," he says.



Williams' search for wellness of mind, body and soul led him to study astrology, where he also saw the seasonality of life reflected. "We look at the stars, but the core symbol we use is the sun," he says. "And the Earth's trip around the sun manifests as the change in seasons."

His first real introduction to astrology came while he was studying yoga. After hearing he was a football player, the swami called him aside after class and asked him where his Mars was. When he confessed he had no idea what she was talking about, she invited him to her house, where she entered his birth information into her computer. She then gave Williams his first astrological reading. "And in that two hours, I felt seen for the first time in my life," he recalls. "So, what I tell people the chart can offer you is a reflection of yourself that's not so conditioned by culture, your parents, your family, your race or whatever."

Astrology puts everything in the universe into one of 12 archetypal fields, Williams explains. As the planets move, their influence on those fields changes, impacting everything else. Reading the chart helps analyze those changes. Williams reads his own chart nearly every day and has been conducting three to five readings per week for clients for more than a year. "The whole scheme of the type of astrology I practice is based on this idea that we're here for a reason," he says. "And the chart can help you understand what you're here for."

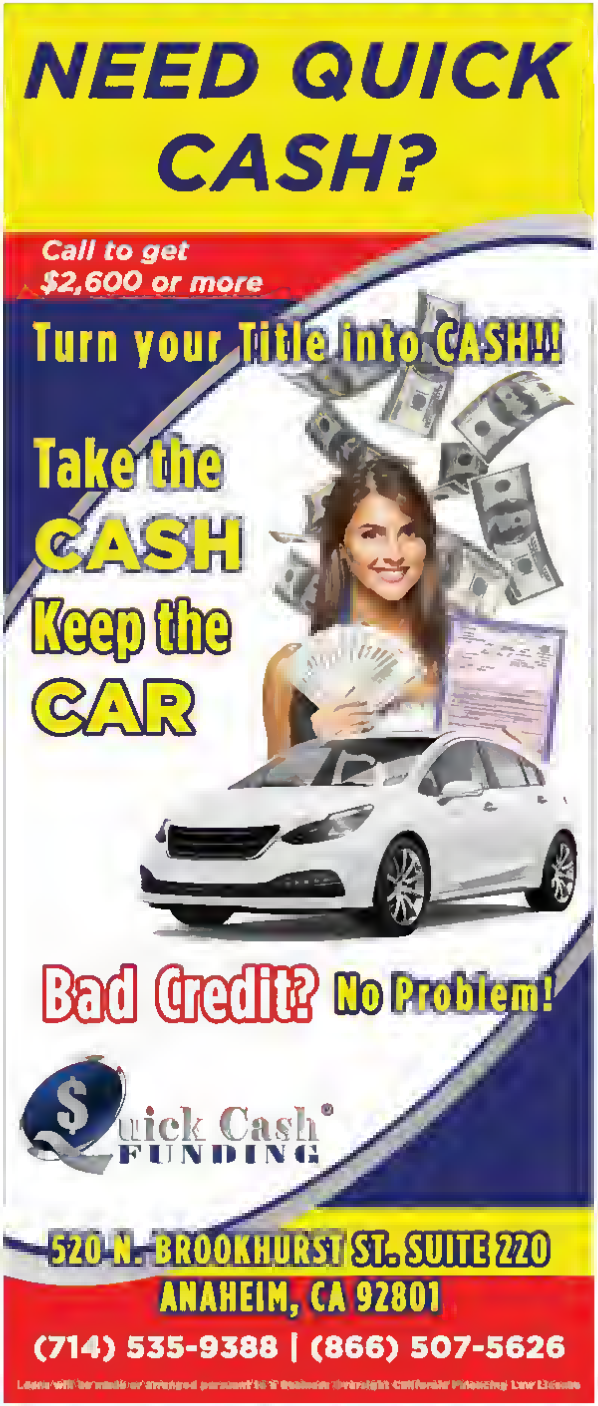
With everything Williams has going on—his continued study of Chinese medicine, running a fledgling cannabis business with his wife and company CEO Linnea Miron, a gig as a University of Texas football analyst for the Longhorn Network, launching a new alternative football league, and a stint on the second season of Celebrity Big Brother—he says he sees astrology as his main focus in life.

"My No. 1 priority is getting an astrological point of view out to the world, so people can start to take it seriously," he says. "It's helped me so much, and I've had such an intense journey that I really appreciate the value of it. I think if people can lower their barriers to it and invest a little time and at least be open to it and to learning a little bit, it can really improve the quality of people's lives."

Williams believes that seasonality is also expressed in our life cycles. He sees himself in the springtime of his existence on Earth, soaking up the light of knowledge to fuel his growth and understanding. He's looking forward to a summer of transition from student to teacher, followed by an autumn in which the bounty of the enlightenment he has harvested can be shared. Along the journey, he plans to use the tools he's acquired, including the mindful use of cannabis and the self-reflection it inspires.

For Williams, healing is all about what he calls "true introspection." And that, he says, "is where lasting change happens."

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SHERVIN LAINEZ

fri/01/25

[DANCE THEATER]

Tales of Perseverance

The Survival Project

The recent film *Green Book* was partly inspired by a midcentury guidebook named after its writer, Victor Hugo Green. Called *The Negro Motorist Green Book*, it provided helpful information for African-American motorists to know which hotels, eateries and restaurants would accept them across the country. The book was much more than a travel field guide, but also a survival guide for the racially oppressed. Mihai Maniutiu uses it as inspiration for this dance-theater showcase, *The Survival Project*, which, through dance and first-person narration, tells tales of connectedness, love and how one can exist in the world when the world seemingly denies one's existence. Don't miss your chance to see this powerful work of living art this weekend.

The Survival Project at Robert Cohen Theatre at UC Irvine, 4000 Mesa Rd., Irvine, (949) 824-2787, arts.uci.edu. 8 p.m., also Sat.-Sun. $11-$18. —AIMEE MURILLO

[CONCERT]

STAYING CAUTIOUS

Cautious Clay

The almost-famous hitmaker Cautious Clay is past the level of Soundcloud infamy that musicians clamor for these days, thanks in part to the inclusion of his song "Cold War" on the hit HBO television show *Insecure*. It was only less than a year ago that the musician/singer/songwriter born Joshua Karpeh was working a white-collar job as a real-estate agent while pursuing music at night. Since "Cold War" erupted into the public consciousness, Clay has been working on music full-time, performing and balancing a steady stream of producer credits. Check out what newer material the artist has in store on his Cold War tour while reveling in Clay's earlier tunes.

Cautious Clay with Sophie Meiers at the Constellation Room, 3503 S. Harbor Blvd., Santa Ana, (714) 957-0600, observatoryoc.com. 9 p.m. $15. —AIMEE MURILLO

sat/01/26

[HEALTH & FITNESS]

Namaste, Y'all!

OC Yoga Festival

This winter edition of the OC Yoga Festival features yoga and meditation classes and workshops, sound healing, live music, healthy food, art, and other attractions based around healthy living. While the vendors' area is free to explore, your $40 presale ticket gets you access to the classes, talks and event party. If you really want to be healthy, you'll pony up $65 for a presale VIP ticket and get B12 shots and Kombucha drinks, massages, and express entry to the classes and workshops (with front-row seating). Presenters include representatives from a number of yoga studios; surely one of them can provide you with a clear path to achieving nirvana!

MORE » ONLINE
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OC Yoga Fest at Newport Dunes Waterfront Resort & Marina, 1131 Back Bay Dr., Newport Beach, ocyogafestival.com. 8:30 a.m. $40-$111; kids, free. —SCOTT FEINBLATT

[CONCERT]

SPACE JAM

Drone Circle

As a companion to its current art exhibition, "DRONE," in which artists Kabe Fox and Stephen Anderson explore the different meanings of the word, this musical concert takes an experimental twist on the typical drum circle. Electronic and analog musicians chosen by organizers will sit in the round and improvise together. You can also immerse yourself in the sounds of featured performers such as Small Drone Orchestra, Blobbie, Miser, phog masheeen, Nhight Slinkee and more, who will collaborate to provide a multilayered aural experience. For fans of surreal noise and ambient music, this will be an extremely stimulating listening party.

Drone Circle at Orange County Center for Contemporary Art, 117 N. Sycamore St., Santa Ana, (714) 667-1517, occca.org. 8 p.m. Free.
—AIMEE MURILLO

sun/01/27

[RECREATION]

Bow Down

Beginning Archery Class

After the apocalypse has been under way for some time, we will eventually run out of bullets. And unless you plan on taking zombies down with a sharpened pool cue, best learn to shoot a bow and arrow. This archery class for beginners is ultimately your best chance for survival. Start your training at Mile Square Park, where the class welcomes all aspiring archers and includes use of equipment, an introduction to the sport and a thorough safety course (naturally). Best of all, it's free, but you must register in advance. Also, *Walking Dead* doesn't come back for a while, and we need to preoccupy ourselves.

Beginning Archery Class at Mile Square Park, 16801 Euclid St., Fountain Valley; www.ocparks.com/parks/mile. 9 a.m. Free, but online registration required. 12+, children younger than 18 must be accompanied by an adult. —ERIN DEWITT

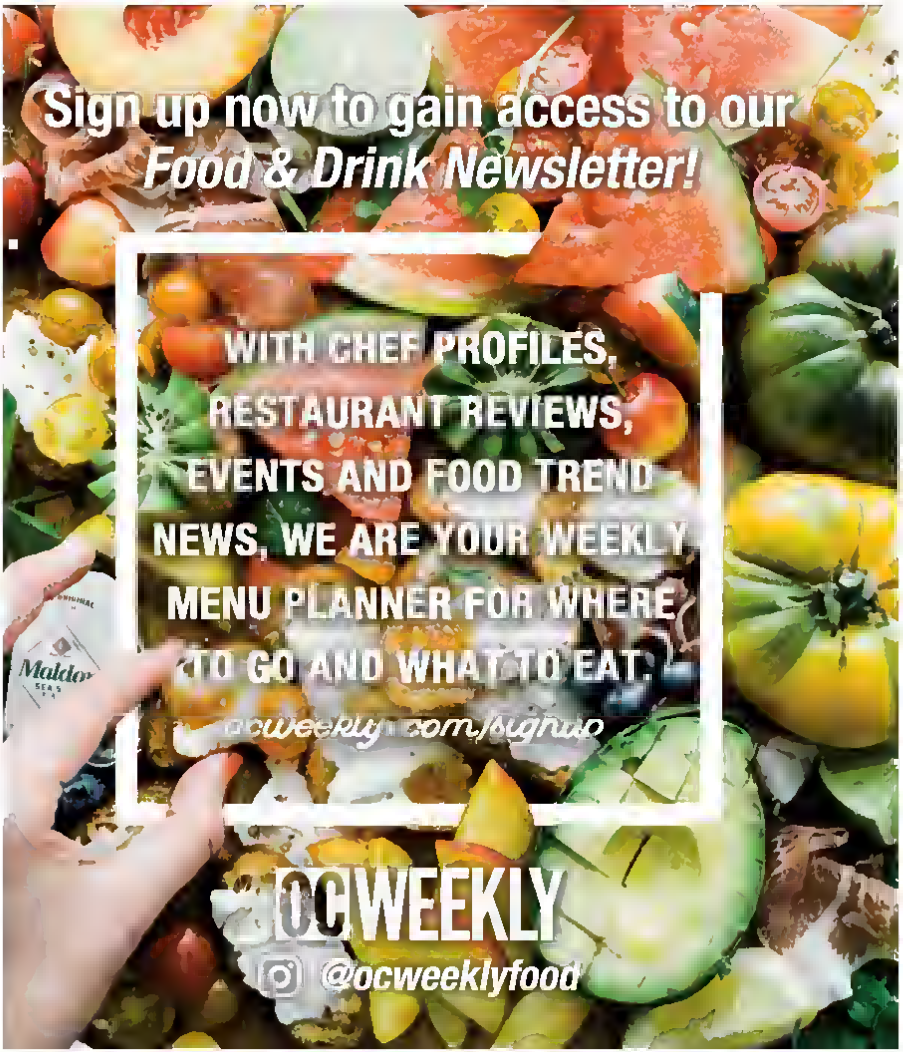
[FILM]

Toon Time

Cartoon Block Party

This event is for those of you who spent a sizable percentage of your childhoods parked in front of television screens every Saturday morning. Relive the days before the crushing weight of student loans, bills and other adult responsibilities set in with the Frida Cinema's Cartoon Block Party, a cavalcade of animation, old commercials and teasers. What specific cartoons will be screened is meant to be a surprise, but that's part of the fun. Pajamas are encouraged, especially for the pajama-wearing contest; and sugary breakfast cereals and pancakes made by the Frida's chef, the Witch of the Waste, will be available for purchase. So plop yourselves down, bring your blankie or teddy, and get your nostalgia on!

Cartoon Block Party at the Frida Cinema, 305 E. Fourth St., Ste. 100, Santa Ana, (714) 285-9422, thefridacinema.org. 8:30 p.m. $5. —AIMEE MURILLO



mon/01/28

[TRIVIA]

Our Gang

It's Always Sunny in Philadelphia Triva Night

If you've followed the adventures of Dee, Dennis, Charlie, Mac and Frank for all 13 seasons of the show's popular run, then you'd be remiss not to make it to this silly trivia night. Test your Paddy's Pub knowledge with your gang and see how you fare remembering all the politically incorrect mishaps, hare-brained schemes and stunts of these luckless losers. Only a $5 buy-in to play, no Troll toll required.

It's Always Sunny in Philadelphia Trivia Night at Alex's Bar, 2913 E. Anaheim Blvd., Long Beach, (562) 434-8292, www.alexsbar.com. 8 p.m. $5. 21+ —AIMEE MURILLO

tue/01/29

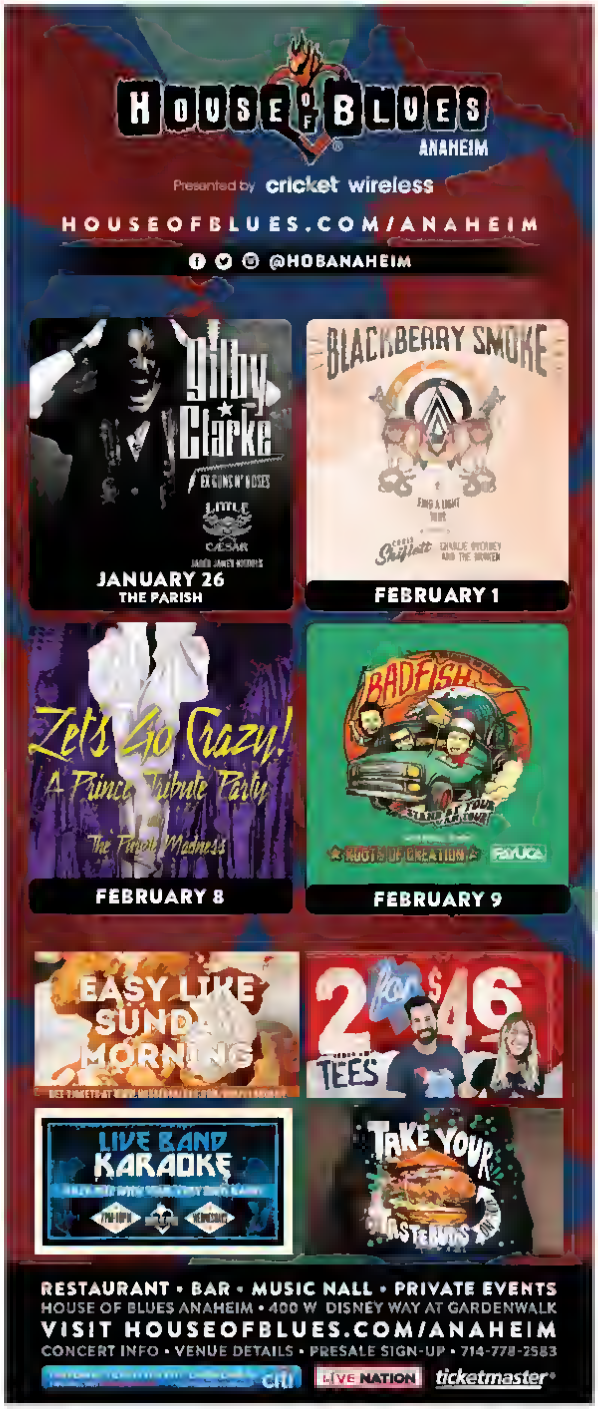
[ART]

LA Art History

'Self-Help Graphics, 1983-1991'

In 1992, Laguna Art Museum curator of collections Bolton Colburn was fascinated by the sizzling silkscreen printwork coming out of Self-Help Graphics, the community arts center in East LA. After careful negotiation, he secured the purchase of 170 prints by 90 artists. The collection was a snapshot moment of an explosive time in Latinx/Chicanx art, and the prescient purchase became the basis for touring exhibitions as well as a chance for the museum to crack the vault and display select pieces, which is what it's doing right now. This collection offers a rare immersive exploration of an art movement in motion.

"Self-Help Graphics, 1983-1991" at Laguna Art Museum, 307 Cliff Dr., Laguna Beach, (949) 494-8971, lagunaartmuseum.org. 11 a.m. Through May 27. $5–$7. —CHRIS ZIEGLER



wed/01/30



[THEATER]

ON THE MENU
Sweeney Todd: The Demon Barber of Fleet Street

There are many ways Stephen Sondheim's musicals transcend, enliven and exceed the expectations of that genre. Adapting a Victorian-era "penny dreadful"-inspired play about a London barber supplying human ingredients to his next-door pie shop is only one. He's animated the lives of gangsters, assassins, fairytale characters and a French Pointillist painter, but in *Sweeney Todd: The Demon Barber of Fleet Street*, the acknowledged and most iconoclastic icon of American musical theater offers his most musically sophisticated compositions, complex orchestration and razor-sharp (get it?) lyrics as winningly over the top as required for this deliciously insane tale of revenge on the person of the law—and everybody else.

Sweeney Todd: The Demon Barber of Fleet Street at South Coast Repertory, 650 Town Center Dr., Costa Mesa, (714) 708-5555, www.scr.org. 7:30 p.m. Through Feb. 16. $38-$74. —ANDREW TONKOVICH

[FILM]

Malkovich, Malkovich
Being John Malkovich

Being John Malkovich was a landmark movie for a number of people and a number of reasons. First, it cemented (if it weren't known already) John Malkovich as one of Hollywood's quirkiest actors—essentially a pre-Bill Murray Bill Murray. Secondly, it helped director Spike Jonze move from music videos such as the Beastie Boys' "Sabotage" to the big screen. And the comedy has retained a strong cult following that keeps it relevant nearly 20 years after its release. If you can't find John Cusack, Cameron Diaz, Catherine Keener and company on TV, don't worry. You can pop in to the Frida Cinema and check it out on the big screen, the way *Being John Malkovich* was meant to be viewed.

Being John Malkovich at the Frida Cinema, 305 E. Fourth St., Santa Ana, (714) 285-9422, thefridacinema.org. 2:30, 5:30 & 8 p.m., also Thurs., Jan. 31. $7-$10. —WYOMING REYNOLDS

thu/01/31

[CONCERT]

Spooky Tunes
Strawberry Mountain

Dividing their time between Seattle and New York City, Strawberry Mountain provide "spooky music" intrinsic to their never-ending love for Halloween. While their musical output wouldn't immediately give you the creeps or remind you of graveyards and black cats, there's a definite air of experimentation indicated through the disparate musical genres they play with, from psychedelia to shoegaze to indie rock—and in some songs, all those genres are merged together as one. Their Bandcamp page displays a plethora of albums and EPs, and rather than let you know what to expect from each one, part of the fun of recommending Strawberry Mountain is letting you discover them for yourself. They surely have surprises in store for their show at Alex's Bar, where they play alongside West Coast post-punks Band Aparte, Mind Monogram and Slice.

Strawberry Mountain with Band Aparte, Mind Monogram and Slice at Alex's Bar, 2913 E. Anaheim St., Long Beach, (562) 434-8292, alexsbar.com. 8 p.m. $5. 21+. —AIMEE MURILLO

[EXHIBITS]

JEEPERS CREEPERS!
'Dr. Entomo's Palace of Exotic Wonders'

Step right up and marvel at glow-in-the-dark scorpions, bird-eating tarantulas and hissing cockroaches, among mynah hordes, flights, swarms, nests and rabbles of creepy crawlies in "Dr. Entomo's Palace of Exotic Wonders." Presented as an old-fashioned circus show, Dr. Entomo explores the truths, myths and mysteries of some of nature's most fascinating and extraordinary insects and spiders, many of which are alive and able to be touched—or shrieked at, but please don't hurt the critter's feelings! There's even a Rogue's Gallery, in which several invertebrates are accused of crimes and it's up to you to figure out whodunit. (We suspect the rose-haired spider... in the Conservatory... with a venomous fang—she's a master spinner of deceit!)

"Dr. Entomo's Palace of Exotic Wonders" at Fullerton Museum Center, 301 N. Pomona Ave., Fullerton, (714) 738-6545, www.cityoffullerton.org/gov/departments/museum. Noon Through April 14. $3-$5. —SR DAVIES

Keep Calm and Cairo On

You need to brush up on your knowledge of Egyptian dishes if you go to the new El Fishawy

BY EDWIN GOEI

Before my visit to El Fishawy, the new Egyptian restaurant in Old Town Tustin, I did my homework. On Yelp, I found pictures of its menu, and since it provided no descriptions, I started Googling all of the dishes. I needed to know the differences in the entrées I didn't recognize. I didn't want to be that guy who asks, "What is this?" and, "What is that?" The last time I went to an Egyptian restaurant unprepared, I frustrated the waitress when I peppered her with questions she wasn't in the mood to answer.

I learned from that experience. But from other visits, I also knew that Egyptian restaurants are almost always hookah bars. Because state laws ban indoor smoking, Egyptian restaurant owners often invest all of their money, time and effort into making their patios as nice as possible.

At El Fishawy, the patio was sheltered under a sloping awning. The seats in this area were plush, involving an excess of red seat cushions. Ornate cages that held candles were on every table. Throughout the space, vases of flowers radiated figurative warmth while gas heaters did it literally. But since it was freezing and wet the night of my visit, I shunned the patio.

Other than a few Thomas Kinkade prints that aren't so much hung as they are stored, the indoor space is barren. El Fishawy claimed the building from the previous tenant, a Persian restaurant called Morey's Place. I mention this because it is what the LED billboard outside still flashes. It's been four months since the new owners took over, so I can only assume that no one has figured out how to reset the sign.

I do not, however, understand why I was handed a Morey's Place menu along with El Fishawy's when I sat down. It certainly wasn't from a lack of dishes, but I knew better than to pry. My waitress resembled a high schooler and was already having trouble answering my question of what exactly was included in the appetizer sampler plate. She excused herself, then returned to recite from her notepad that it contained hummus, muttabbal (eggplant dip), four stuffed grape leaves, three falafel and tabouleh (parsley salad). I said I'd take it.

But when I asked her to confirm what I understood the main course of fatta beef to be, she struggled. She tried to explain that it was a grilled meat dish similar to the kebabs and not the soupy dish that a Google search told me earlier. I ordered it anyway.



EDWIN GOEI

After a beat, the cashier, a man of about 30, came back and clarified what fatta really was. It's a dish in which pieces of deep-fried pita are layered with rice in a bowl, which is then doused with a tomato soup. It's topped with a big piece of slow-cooked beef shank that was braised in the tomato liquid. Impressed that he took the time to describe it, I asked him to explain the kabssa. But it was at that point that his patience had seemingly run out. He only confirmed that the kabssa is a special rice dish and that it has almonds in it.

The meal, which is often considered Egypt's national dish, also included a well-marinated grilled half chicken that was nicely cooked and moist throughout. But the kabssa's rice—despite being seasoned with saffron, cinnamon and cardamom—was overcooked to mushy clumps. I hated it.

I had the opposite reaction to the rice in the fatta. I loved how its fluffiness contrasted with the crispy pita. When both were moistened by that tart and beefy tomato broth, it created a combination of textures I can say I've never had before. And though the slow-cooked shank had a flavor that suggested it might have been defrosted and reheated, it was tender, soft and satisfying in a homey grandma's-cooking kind of way.

As I looked around, I realized I was the only one who ordered anything more advanced than the kebabs. In fact, no one in the restaurant was really eating much of anything. Most customers came to puff on the hookah pipe and maybe have a few drinks.

Nevertheless, I pressed on and asked for a dessert menu. Since it wasn't posted on Yelp, I had to ask the same gent to tell me about the items. After he gamely tried to explain some of them, he finally suggested I use Google. He said it was hard for him to describe the rest. I didn't end up ordering any of it. It's one thing to know you have to use Google to decipher the menu before you come, but it's quite another to be told to do it when you're already there.

EL FISHAWY
303 El Camino Real, Tustin, (714) 486-2528
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WHAT THE ALE
» GREG NAGEL

Rock On

Four main ingredients comprise any beer. Water, of course, is the blank canvas, while barley provides the sugar, hops add the spice, and yeast is the catalyst that pulls it all together. If you were to equate the band Metallica to these four elements, then James Hetfield is the water (he doesn't drink). Kirk Hammett is the barley (he also doesn't drink, and he's super sweet on guitar), Rob Trujillo is the spice, and Lars Ulrich is undoubtedly the yeast, as he formed the group in 1981.

Metallica recently partnered with the Arrogant Consortia, a sub-brand of Escondido-based Stone Brewing, to make a beer worthy of shaking one's head vociferously in unison to the beat of loud music. Enter Night Pilsner. The lager is made with German ingredients, but is inspired by Stone's rich IPA roots, it takes a base style and cranks the volume up to 10.

"Hell, yes, I love this beer," notes Trujillo, who visited the Stone Distributing facility in Downey, the city where the band started.

Onstage at the launch event in an undisclosed Hollywood space, drummer Ulrich layed it on thick. "We have a bit of an exclusive tonight. ... We're retiring because this is the pinnacle—on this gray Monday night in Hollywood. Thanks for being a part of 37 years," he said, full of smiling sarcasm.

"Wait, we're the Yoko Ono of Metallica?" retorted Stone Brewing co-founder Greg Koch to laughter from attendees at the small venue.

Who knew rock stars and brewery founders were so hilarious?

The can itself is metallic, at least. One fan noted it as the St. Anger of beers, whatever that means. I think it's quite tasty.

You can find Enter Night Pilsner everywhere, especially on Metallica's tour this year.

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GREG NAGEL


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ERIN DEWITT

A True Long Beach Star

Tito's Bakery is home to the city's best burritos

LONG BEACH LUNCH
» ERIN DEWITT

Locals will tell you that one of the best breakfast burritos in Long Beach can be found at Tito's Bakery, a mini Mexican *panadería* and more on Fourth Street and Cerritos Avenue. The breakfast burritos here are the bulky, messy, hangover-curing stuff of legend—and so are the huevos rancheros and the chilaquiles. Tito's stops serving breakfast at 11 a.m. and closes at 10 p.m. daily, leaving 11 hours to serve up equally notable lunch and dinner options.

Specifically, I'm talking about the tortas—or, as Tito's labels them on the menu, "*Deliciosas* Tortas." A fresh-baked telera roll is split open and toasted, with a quick swipe of creamy mayo applied to one side and a slathering of even-creamier refried beans on the other. It's then piled with thinly sliced carne asada (cooked on the grill), lettuce, onions, tomato and avocado. Somewhere among the layers hides a peppery heat that'll have you grasping for a Mexican Coke or horchata. One torta is sizable enough for a substantial lunch, but two is doable. And you'll want another one.

The burritos start with massive flour tortillas, perfectly charred in spots, and are available in the classic assortment of fillings: bean and cheese, asada, pollo, carnitas, and al pastor. There's a veggie burrito with all the basics sans meat, but opt for the vegetarian burrito No. 2 and get a generous helping of tangy green chunks of nopales (cactus) throughout, plus avocado.

There are also tostadas, sopes and quesadillas, all with the option of pollo or asada, plus soft tacos (hello, cabeza!). And there are combination plates (beans, rice and tortillas) with protein choices such as chicharrónes or bistec ranchero.

You can eat there, sitting either at the tiny three-stool bar that comfortably seats two, max, or at one of the patio tables outside. Tito's Bakery is really more of a to-go spot, with items wrapped in yellow paper, then reinforced in foil. With each order, the staff will throw in a few tubs of essential salsa—a bright salsa verde and a light-you-up orange option.

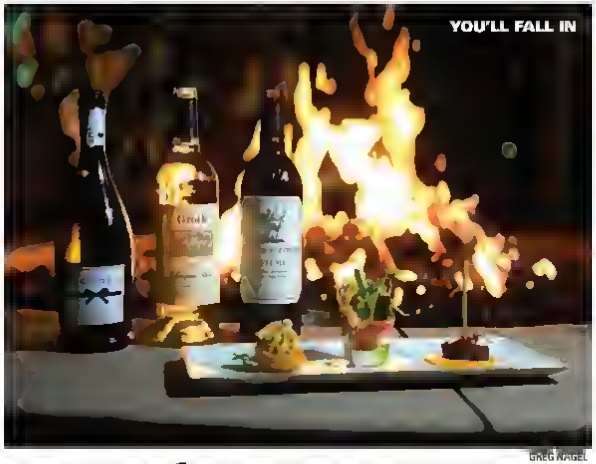
But Tito's Bakery is still a *panadería*, and though the operation can very well stand alone as a traditional Mexican eatery, the pan dulce is pretty legit. Much of the tiny space is dedicated to a massive pastry case, showcasing a plentitude of muffins, pan danes (danishes), galletas (cookies), conchas, and—a personal favorite—nino envueltos, a not-too-sweet and dense roll lined with tart strawberry jam and covered in delicate coconut flakes. They're baked fresh every day.

There's no shortage of sugar here. Under the ordering counter are rows upon rows of flan and tres leches cake, as well as a rainbow of pastel-colored gelatins and creams. The infallible recommendation is (and will always be) the tres leches, a thin layer of soft Cool Whip-style frosting topping a pale yellow square of cake that's nestled in a pool of thick, sweetened condensed milk. Be extra-careful transporting it, or you'll find a puddle of said dairy at the bottom of your carryout bag.

There's no website or marketing campaigns, just an unofficial Facebook page on which customers post photos and testimonials. Tito's Bakery has been open for 23 years. It doesn't need to advertise. Its regulars already know where it is, when it's open, and what they're going to order before they walk in. Ask owner Norberto Cruz what his favorite thing on the menu is, and he'll just laugh and say, "Everything."

Yep, same here.

TITO S BAKERY
1107 E. Fourth St., Long Beach, (562) 432 7272



GREG NAGEL

Ring of Fire

Fireside Chats at EATS

"Love is a burning thing and it makes a fiery ring." Johnny Cash's singing floats through my head as I'm seated fireside at Hotel Irvine's outdoor EATS Kitchen & Bar on a blustery night. The 10-foot ring melts my face as much as my heart, and finding out about the eatery's fireside chat with chef Jeff Moore and sommelier Andrzej (pronounced like Andre) Lewczyk, happening every Saturday, got me uncorked.

"I'll pour three wines and guide you through the origin, varietal, food pairings and a very relaxed chat," explained the level two sommelier, fire flickering off his face.

The cost? "Just order a drink at the bar, and the three pairings are complimentary," Lewczyk says with a grin. This is probably the best deal for a date night in the county. And the pairings change weekly, so there's an incentive to come back a few times.

Though I've made wine at the homebrew level, I consider myself a novice. Spending an hour with a sommelier is a great time to hust out those curious questions one might have, such as "Why do you cut the foil on the low side instead of the top?"

"Sparkling is always a great way to start," says Lewczyk, and I agree. The Chloe Prosecco he pours is bursting with stonefruit, green apple notes and some citrus zing. Paired with it is Moore's take on deviled eggs: breaded and fried, topped with yolky Mexican chorizo, then capped with shaved Manchego cheese and a fresh oregano leaf. I can't say I've ever had a fried deviled egg; it eats like a lighter version of its Scotch cousin. It's creamy, vibrant—and yes, I'll have another.

Pairing No. 2 starts with a Sauvignon Blanc from Groth in Napa Valley. The beer geek in me has an epiphany. The white wine has notes of Nelson Sauvin hops, which are actually named after the wine grape. For me, both the hops and that grape have a distinct tropical-diesel character. Plus, winery owner Dennis Groth came from the tech industry after working for years at Atari, which causes me to have *Ms. Pac Man* cut-scene flashbacks.

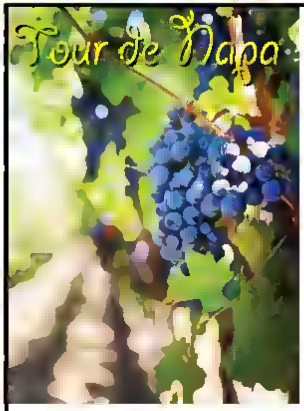
The third pairing alone is worth the price of admission. A juicy hunk of seared New York steak is speared with flavor-packed cherry tomatoes and served alongside a perfectly spicy harissa-based béarnaise sauce for dipping. The inclusion of Stag's Leap Wine Cellars' Artemis Cabernet was a surprise, considering the producer shocked the wine world at the great Judgment of Paris in the '70s by coming out on top. Without this wine, who knows if California would be regarded as highly as it is?

What pairings will be available next Saturday night? I might be there to find out!

Eat & Drink This Now

» GREG NAGEL

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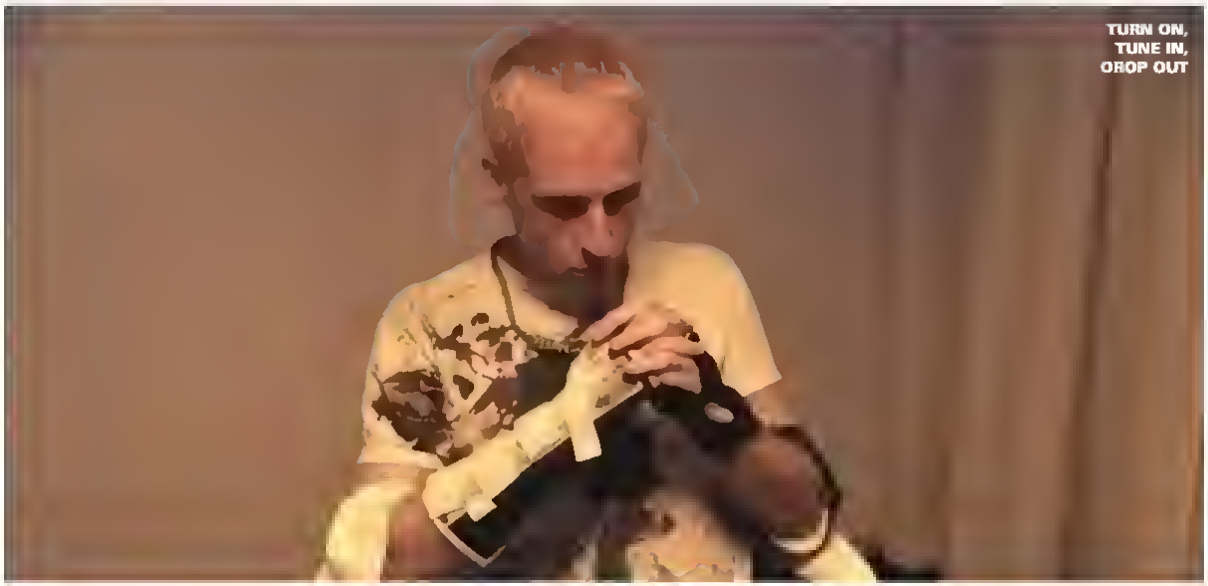
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COURTESY FACTORY 25

Not-So-Average Jobe

Jobe'z World is a bizarrely comic descent into drug-induced mayhem

BY AIMEE MURILLO

Few films that have landed in my radar have been as hold or surreal as Michael M Bilandic's second feature, *Jobe'z World*. During its quick, 67-minute runtime, its strange, roving protagonist, Jobe (played with apt disaffectedness by Jason Grisell), and the even stranger group of characters with whom he interacts struck a chord.

Although *Jobe'z World* is certainly a character-driven film, it operates way more on mood and atmosphere, exhibited via the drone-like sound design and dark, after-hours cinematography. Yet Bilandic efficiently moves the story along on his micro budget, and part of that has to do with his strong cast. Through his job as a drug courier, Jobe deals with a fisherman (played by Owen Kline) with dreams of becoming a standup comedian, a molly-popping survivalist (Stephen Payne), and a highbrow, Wellesian actor named Royce David Leshe (Theodore Bouloukos—a standout among the cast) who is revered for his lengthy list of cinematic performances and talents. The plot, however, is sparse. Less forgiving moviegoers won't have much patience for the extended dialogue or the characters' one-dimensionality. But these elements contribute to Bilandic's darkly comic, fever dream-like concoction, which, in the end, makes for a compelling watch.

As the title suggests, we're put in Jobe's world, privy to his inner ruminations on the universe, his daily frustrations, and whatever he's feeling at the moment. The film begins with a cosmic light show narrated in Jobe's pithy banter. As nebulas bounce across the screen, Jobe muses, "Man, look at all this bonkers shit." An aging, thirty-something slacker who threw away his shot at being a professional roller skater in his youth thanks to excessive partying, Jobe works as a drug courier for a mysterious company. (Footnote: One casualty of Bilandic's low budget is the unfortunate look of the company—basically a bare room with a desk—but it somehow all ties into the film's overall surrealist tone.)

During a 24-hour time span, Jobe roller-skates across Manhattan to meet various clients, to whom Jobe remarks that he's in a hurry because he needs to pick up his mom from John F. Kennedy airport that night. But an urgent call from the company commands Jobe to make a late-night delivery to Jobe's favorite actor of all time. The drug: medical-grade propofol, which is "worse than what killed Michael Jackson and Prince put together."

Jobe books it to Leslie's apartment, where he and the famed thespian seemingly hit it off, so much so that Jobe excitedly hands Leslie a copy of his hand-drawn comic zine about an intergalactic raver DJ named Cosmic Steven. The humble, unassuming Leshe philosophizes about his career, bemoaning how he'd love to be remembered for a role that cements his legacy. Afterward, Jobe books it to JFK to retrieve his mother, and in the taxi ride to her hotel is where Jobe learns the devastating news: Leslie died from a drug overdose, and in his last hours alive, he broadcast a live video of his drug-induced freakout, name-dropping Jobe and the Cosmic Steven comic. Essentially an accessory to Leshe's death, Jobe spends the night hiding from all manner of cops and paparazzi by traversing the streets.

Jobe'z World may rely more on atmosphere than plot, but at least the atmosphere is captured well. Cinematographer Sean Price Williams, acclaimed for his documentary- and narrative-feature work (and who also has a small role onscreen), matches the frenetic energy of Jobe's roller-skating scenes with an equally frenetic camera. Likewise, he funnels various ambient light sources from each scene to create a slightly saturated, colorful look. Because of the constantly dim lighting, viewers never know what time it is, adding to the dreamlike vibe.

I found a lot to like in the disparate characters, each of whom displayed a presence and humor all their own. Grisell, a noted indie actor and producer in his own right, plays Jobe with a weird flamboyance fitting for his aging-hipster character, but his timid demeanor and downcast eyes suggest a real vulnerability. In his *New Yorker* review of this film, Richard Brody called Bouloukos a contender for Best Supporting Actor for his performance as Leshe, and I'm inclined to agree; Bouloukos has a knack for standing out without chewing the scenery.

Jobe'z World may not benefit from wide distribution because of its out-there nature and low-budget look, so chances to see it may be slim until it lands on a streaming platform. Maybe there, a cult status will develop, paving the way for more from Bilandic's imagination. What could he dream up next?

AMURILLO@OCWEEKLY.COM

JOBE'Z WORLD

was written and directed by Michael M Bilandic, and stars Jasen Grisell, Theodore Bouloukos, Owen Kline and Stephen Payne.

Our Trauma

J. Paul Getty Museum's Sally Mann retrospective is worth the trip to LA

BY DAVE BARTON

The Sally Mann retrospective "A Thousand Crossings" at the J. Paul Getty Museum is one of those exhibitions in which the images, curation and subtext deliver something deeper than just pretty pictures. The artist's fine art photographs—of her family, Southern landscapes, swamps, black men, her childhood caregiver, churches, battlefields and her own body—are the finest examples of the medium you'll find in the country, but they're more than the sum of their perfection. As a chronicler of our shared trauma, she's an artist presenting a vision of a hurt world within the family and without. Her work is bold, unflinching stuff, even decades after they've been taken, and the Getty is the only place on the West Coast to see this show on its tour.

It opens with Mann's most contentious work: images of her three preteen children, Emmett, Jessie and Virginia. In the '80s, the Religious Right's anti-art slash and burn saw pornography in every piece of art it wanted unfunded or banned. Mann's work isn't porn, but her willingness to remove the fantasy trappings of what we perceive as childhood, capturing her children in all of the body fluids, nudity and potential disaster that it entails, quickly brought her work to the public's eye. Some of the photos are subtly staged to make statements, others caught spontaneously, but the children are always magical, glowing, beautiful without measure, with Mann wearing both her adoration and parental anxiety on her sleeve. There's a startling picture of her son, red gouts of blood splashed on his face, hands and naked chest (*Bloody Nose*); *Last Light* is an eerie image of her youngest daughter limp in her husband's lap, eyes half-closed, his fingers at her throat as if he's checking for a pulse; another, *The Alligators Approach*, features the same little girl in a lawn chair, an inflatable toy alligator looking as if it's barreling up the riverbank toward her. Most of the time, the children look as if they enjoy posing; it's clear they're often willing participants who are in on the game.

Mann moved on from her children to a series of experimental landscapes, eschewing Ansel Adams' bright romantic idealization of nature to something dark and oppressive. Working from the idea that a land takes on the characteristics of its people, her sumptuous Southern landscapes are muted, smeared black, as if taken during an eternal eclipse. She gives obstacles to her large-format cameras—primarily their ability to create larger, clearer prints—by using antique lenses and film stocks, even diatomaceous earth, to muddy the visual waters and force a reckoning with the region's ugly racial history. Whether documenting the bridge that Emmett Till's battered body was dumped from [*Deep South, Untitled (Bridge on Tallahatchie)*], the ruins of plantations; or numerous battlefields in Antietam, Cold Harbor and Fredericksburg (among others), Mann asks us to see her own conflicted feelings, with images often so dark we're intentionally unable to make out the details, just the shadows of the past. When the photograph includes the occasional fog, it's as if the artist were wishing for it to disappear.



BLOODY NOSE, 1991

PRIVATE COLLECTION IMAGE © SALLY MANN

The section whose title, "Abide By Me," was taken from a 19th-century hymn is focused almost entirely on representations of black people and Mann's history with them. Her tender portraits of Virginia, the woman who was her childhood caretaker, playing with the daughter Mann named after her offers a loving contrast of young alabaster white and worn black skin, bruised and calloused feet opposite tiny perfect ones pressed against her calves (*The Two Virginias #3*). Mann's portraits of black men, seen in profile, lying on their side, the edges blackened and scarred by chemicals and imperfections, feel as though she has captured ghosts appearing from the past. Her frightening dark tintypes of the swamps that fugitive slaves hid out in suggest terror and menace, not refuge, despite their beauty; her images of bright clapboard Baptist and Methodist church fronts resemble haunted houses more than safe houses.

An artist friend asked me where the love was in the final section, "What Remains." I told her I could see it everywhere, but there's also a wistfulness that it seems to be coming to an end. She is with her children once again, though the closeups of their adult faces are closer to fading memories. Documenting her husband's battle with multiple sclerosis in piecemeal fashion, her shots are different areas of his ailing body—thin, wasted limbs, a floppy hand—as if the body doesn't fall apart all at once, but in an inconvenient here and there. The heaviness of the camera Mann uses works as a symbol of the history that any person who has loved someone carries, accompanying the joyful decision to have a family in the first place is the possibility of losing that family to accident, malice or disease. Mann tells us that what remains in the end is love and the memories of that love.

"SALLY MANN: A THOUSAND CROSSINGS"
at the J. Paul Getty Museum, 1200 Getty Center Dr., Los Angeles, (310) 440-7330; www.getty.edu/museum/. Open Sun. & Tues.–Fri., 10 a.m.–5:30 p.m.; Sat., 10 a.m.–9 p.m. Through Feb. 18. Free, parking, $10–$15

ARTSOVERLOAD

» AIMEE MURILLO

Jan. 25–31

"CULT TO CULTURE: PHOTOGRAPHS" Images of surfers during the late '60s and early '70s from LeRoy Grannis' collection. Open Thurs.–Tues., 11 a.m.–8 p.m.; Sat.–Sun., 11 a.m.–5 p.m. Through April 21. $8–$10; free admission every Thurs., 3–8 p.m. Long Beach Museum of Art, 356 E. Third St., Long Beach. (562) 912-7586; lbma.org.

THE GLASS MENAGERIE Tennessee Williams' breakthrough play about a young poet working to support his mother and sister. Thurs.–Sat., 8 p.m.; Sun., 5 p.m. Through Feb. 10. $25–$25. Madjeska Playhouse, 21084 Rockwood Pkwy., Ste. 104, Lake Forest. (949) 445-3674; www.mphstage.org.

DRIVING MISS DAISY Alfred Uhry's Pulitzer Prize–winning play is about the bond that develops between an elderly upper-class Jewish woman and her black chauffeur during the Jim Crow–era South. Fri., 7:30 p.m.; Sat., 2 & 7:30 p.m.; Sun., 1 p.m. $61–$61. Laguna Playhouse, 606 Laguna Canyon Rd., Laguna Beach. (949) 497-2787; lagunaplayhouse.com.

FISTFUL OF IMPROV This long-running Long Beach–based group performs original comedy based on audience suggestions and participation. Sat., 8 p.m. $7. Long Beach Playhouse, 5021 E. Anaheim St., Long Beach. (562) 494-1014; www.lbplayhouse.org.

"KRYSTA RODRIGUEZ AND SCOTT BARNHARDT: COMING HOME" The Orange County School of the Arts alums and new Broadway performers sing selections from their past roles and discuss life onstage. Sun., 3 p.m. $60–$70. Irvine Barclay Theatre, 4242 Campus Dr., Irvine. (949) 854-4646; www.thebarclay.org.

BOOK TALK TUESDAY: *SPLIT TOOTH* BY TANYA TAGAQ The author discusses and reads from her latest work, a mixture of fiction and memoir. Tacos from Lily's Tacos will be available for purchase. Tues., 6:30 p.m. Fred Kavli Theatre at the Makaras Center for the Arts, 811 N. Main St., Santa Ana. (714) 565-1150; www.makaracenterarts.org.

"CENTERED ON THE CENTER" The annual open-call, non-juried show returns with more than 300 original works from around the world. Tues.–Thurs., noon–8 p.m., Fri., noon–6 p.m., Sat., noon–5 p.m. Through March 9. Free. Huntington Beach Art Center, 538 Main St., Huntington Beach. (714) 374-1650; www.huntingtonbeachartcenter.org.

"KITCH-IN-SYNC" This group exhibition explores how art that used to be considered bad or kitschy is now good and enjoyable. Open Tues.–Thurs., noon–4 p.m. Through March 21. Free. Crosstine Art Gallery, 1515 Monrovia Ave., Newport Beach. crosstine.edu.

Rockin' for the Weekend

The 10 best (and loudest) concerts of NAMM 2019

BY CLAY MARSHALL

The NAMM trade show—the world's largest musical instrument convention, the 2019 edition of which kicks off Thursday, Jan. 24 at the Anaheim Convention Center—always provides an important history lesson for today's would-be rock gods. For those true believers, we've compiled a list of the 10 best concerts of NAMM 2019. (Unlike the convention itself, the below shows are open to the general public.)



BOW DOWN TO THE GODS OF METAL ALLEGIANCE

COURTESY OF METAL ALLEGIANCE

10. SHE ROCKS AWARDS

The annual She Rocks Awards—which has previously honored Melissa Etheridge, Pat Benatar and the Bangles, among others—celebrates "women who stand out as role models in the music industry," according to the event's website. This year's recipients include Macy Gray, Terri Nunn (Berlin) and Lisa Loeb. In addition, a posthumous lifetime-achievement award will honor Janis Joplin, whose music will be celebrated via performances by the likes of guitarist Orianthi (Michael Jackson, Alice Cooper). *House of Blues at Anaheim GardenWalk, 400 Disney Way, Ste. 337, Anaheim, (714) 778-2583, www.sherocksawards.com. Fri., 7:30 p.m. $55-$160*

9. GILBY CLARKE

The former Guns N' Roses guitarist, who went on to tour with Heart and Rockstar Supernova in addition to releasing four records of his own, has long been promising a new album; perhaps Gilby Clark will preview some material here, where he'll be supported by glam-metal vets Little Caesar and rising blues/rock guitarist Jared James Nichols. *Parish Room at the House of Blues, www.houseofblues.com/anaheim. Sat., 7 p.m. $18*

8. ALEX SKOLNICK TRIO

If there were a heavy metal equivalent of Dos Equis' most interesting man in the world, Alex Skolnick would certainly qualify. After cutting his teeth in the 1980s as a teenage guitar prodigy for Bay Area thrashers Testament, Skolnick—who once took lessons from guitar icon Joe Satriani—left the band in 1993 to pursue other musical interests and earn a degree in jazz performance from a New York music school. Since then, he's led something of a dual existence—he returned to Testament in 2005 and has subsequently toured the world many times over, but he's also continued to scratch his jazz itch with his eponymous trio, which often performs bebop renditions of hard rock and metal classics. *Marriott Hotel Lobby, 700 W. Convention Way, Anaheim, (714) 750-8000. Sat., 10 p.m. Free.*

7. MARTY FRIEDMAN

The former Megadeth axeman never stopped making music after leaving the band in 2000. While his recently released concert album One Bad M.F. Live!! wonderfully captures his trademark mix of über-melodic exuberance and technical dexterity, it's highly recommended you experience Friedman and his knockout backing band (which includes Japanese drummer Chargeee, a human incarnation of the Muppet Animal if there ever were one) in person. *Parish Room at the House of Blues, www.houseofblues.com/anaheim. Thursday, Jan. 24, 7 p.m. $20*

6. RONNIE MONTROSE REMEMBERED

Guitarist Ronnie Montrose—who died in 2012 at the age of 64—is best known for founding Montrose, an American rock group that Sammy Hagar fronted in the mid-1970s, and for his session work with the likes of the Edgar Winter Group ("Frankenstein") and Van Morrison. For the past few years, an annual memorial concert honoring Montrose has taken place during NAMM weekend, and the 2019 edition is the most star-studded yet, featuring George Lynch (Dokken), Tracii Guns (L.A. Guns) and Derek St. Holmes (Ted Nugent). *M3 Live Anaheim Event Center, 2232 S. Harbor Blvd., Anaheim, (714) 663-2100, www.anaheimeventcenter.us. Fri., 5 p.m. $25-$90.*

5. ULTIMATE NAMM NIGHT

Back for the second consecutive year is this all-star jam session, for which rock royalty such as guitar wizard Steve Vai, bass icon Billy Sheehan and former Journey vocalist Jeff Scott Soto grace the stage together. *Hilton Anaheim's California Ballroom, 777 W. Convention Way, Anaheim, (714) 750-4321, www.facebook.com/ultimatejamnight. Sat., 7:30 p.m. Free, but ticket required.*

4. RANDY RHOADS REMEMBERED/ BONZO BASH

This event produced by Brian Tichy combines long-running tributes to two hard-rock/metal icons—one honoring Ozzy Osbourne guitarist Randy Rhoads (who died in a 1982 plane crash at the age of 25), and another that celebrates Led Zeppelin drummer John Bonham, who was 31 when he died in 1980. Considering how revered the two figures are, the participant list for these events is always top-shelf, and this year's dual homage features a number of notable guitarists and drummers, including current and former members of Guns N' Roses, Tesla and Jane's Addiction. *Yost Theater, 307 N. Spurgeon St., Santa Ana, theyostheater.com. Thursday, Jan. 24, 6:30 p.m. $43*

3. METAL ALLEGIANCE

This collective, which is anchored in part by Testament's Skolnick and Megadeth's David Ellefson, features a rotating cast of all-star guests both in concert and on record. This year, current and former members of Overkill, Death Angel and Sepultura, among others, perform Black Sabbath's self-titled 1970 debut in its entirety, as well as some originals. *House of Blues; www.houseofblues.com/anaheim. Thursday, Jan. 24, 7 p.m. $25*

2. IMPERIAL BALL

Over the past 12 years, the Imperial Ball—organized by Duesenberg, a German guitar company—has featured a number of A-list performers, including Ringo Starr, Joe Walsh (The Eagles), Marilyn Manson, and Aerosmith's Steven Tyler and Joe Perry. And actor and occasional guitarist Johnny Depp joined the fray about six years ago. While the lineup for this year's event—the proceeds from which will benefit a local breast cancer charity—isn't being widely advertised, performers will include Rusty Anderson (Paul McCartney's longtime guitarist) and Carmen Vanderberg (Jeff Beck), while the house band will feature the first public performance by three members of the Heartbreakers since Tom Petty's 2017 passing. Rumor has it that past participant Alice Cooper will also return. *Anaheim Center for the Performing Arts at Servite, 1952 W. La Palma Ave., Anaheim, imperialball2019.com. Sat., 8 p.m. $125-$225*

1. DIMEBASH

The organizers of this year's tribute to late Pantera guitarist "Dimebag" Darrell Abbott have stepped up their game considerably. In addition to sets by Kill Devil Hill (the new band of Abbott's former band mate Rex Brown) and local treasure Fireball Ministry, performers include Dave Grohl (Nirvana, Foo Fighters), Corey Taylor (Slipknot, Stone Sour), Dave Lombardo (Slayer, Suicidal Tendencies), Scott Ian (Anthrax) and dozens of their metal peers. It's easy to wonder how they'll manage to rotate so many bodies and instruments onto and off the stage before curfew strikes, but it's hard to fault the sentiment behind an event that celebrates the life and influence of one of the genre's most revered players. *The Observatory, 3503 S. Harbor Blvd., Santa Ana, (714) 957-0600, www.observatoryoc.com. Thursday, Jan. 24, 8 p.m. $33.*



COURTESY OF MATT ALLENN

Finally FLOURIISHing

Matt Allenn proves you can't keep a good rapper down

BY NATE JACKSON

The rappers who grow from concrete are usually the ones who surprise you. Something about their roots makes them hard to get rid of.

Matt Allenn knows a little bit about that. Ask the Santa Ana MC the ingredients to his recent success, and he'll rattle off a list of life's bitter nutrients, all of which gave him the strength to keep his bars up behind bars.

Up until last year, getting into trouble with the law on a variety of petty charges was a regular occurrence. "I was on probation, and it was really holding me back," Allenn says. "I kept catching violations and getting arrested, and at the same time, I was getting the most attention I ever got for my music."

It was during one of his former stints in the pokey that his song "Messy," a woozy trap-laced Lotharío jam about a girl who has trouble keeping her X-rated exploits to herself, landed a placement in the Netflix movie #REALITYHIGH. Suddenly, the song took off and has since garnered more than 330,000 plays on Spotify.

After serving several months in jail on drug charges, Allenn's now a free man, off probation and jumping head-first into 2019 as a changed man. "Having [probation] over my shoulder was stopping me from moving forward," Allenn says. "Now that I'm over that, I'm making so much progress."

Over the past several years, the rapper has transitioned from hardcore street rhymes to something more introspective and positive, hence the title of his latest album, FLOURIISH, released in November 2018. Walking through an acid-trip-like, Technicolor greenhouse in his latest video and talking about feeding your positive mental attitude is a fry cry from where his life was less than a year ago. That struggle to stay free from sin is a topic he discusses while being chased by a savage, CGI demon in his video "Streets and Thots."

"I really wanted to have a message and show people that my music is maturing," Allenn says. "It's really just the start of what I'm about to do."

Though he preferred to produce his album without many features, a consortium of Santa Ana's finest wordsmiths is never far behind. Friends and frequent collaborators Kevin Parx and C-Sharp make cameos on the new project, produced by OC's Mr. Mota and KY, who worked with engineer Beezy Mix to put the shine on Allenn's vocals, highlighting the cocky, gold-grilled swagger.

Part of Allenn's evolution is his stage performance. Taking the stage next week at Slidebar, he's excited to amp up his delivery, which is atypical of most backpack rappers. "I'm gonna be doing a live show with a full band, so I'm looking forward to showing people what I can offer onstage as well," he says.

Allenn also plans to perform a few new tunes from his next EP, Close to the Edge, due out in February.

As much as he likes talking about his own music, part of Allenn's appeal on FLOURIISH is his message of helping to big-up other rappers in the local scene. "Santa Ana's culture is getting more of a good vibe; there's more art and music in downtown, and that's where I record my music. It's only a matter of time before it goes mainstream," Allenn says, noting how OC-based rapper Yung Pinch has blown up over the past several years and cleared a path for a lot of talented rappers to get their share of the sunshine.

"There's gonna be a few more people to follow him up," Allenn says. "And I feel like it's gonna be the new Hollywood out here- a big scene ready to explode."

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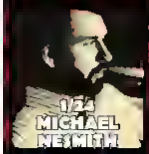
MATT ALLENN
performs with Kevin Parx, C-Sharp and K-Lion at Slidebar Rock-N-Roll Kitchen, 122 E. Commonwealth Ave., Fullerton (714) 871-2233, www.slidebarfullerton.com Thurs., Jan. 31, 8 p.m. Free. 21+



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2/1	THE TUBES
2/2	THE DAN BAND
2/7	THE JAMES HUNTER EIX Albert Cummings
2/E	JOSHUA RADIN / Cary Brothers / Lily Kershaw
2/9	THE ENGLISH BEAT
2/10	THE SMITHEREENS with Guest Vocalist MARSHALL CRENSHAW
2/14	OTTMAR LIEBERT & LUNA NEGRA
2/15	THE HIGHWAYMAN SHOW
2/18	THE PETTY BREAKERS
2/17	PAUL BARRERE & FRED TACKETT
2/21	LARRY CARLTON
2/22	WILD CHILD
2/23	MARC SEAL
2/24	THE FOUR FRESHMEN
3/1	TINSLEY ELLIS / COCO MONTOYA
3/2	JR RICHARDS of DISHWALLA
3/3	JUNIOR BROWN
3/7	G. LOVE & SPECIAL SAUCE
3/E	MARC COHN
3/9	MARC COHN
3/10	THE SPINNERS
3/14	MAKANA
3/16	THE FENIANS – St. Patrick's Day Celebration
3/17	Meat Loaf Presents BAT
3/21	ULI JON ROTH: 40th Anniversary Celebration Of Electric Sun And Tokyo Tapes
3/22	SUPER DIAMOND
3/23	THE BLASTERS
3/24	MARK FARNER
3/27	BRAND X
3/28	AL STEWART
3/29	ABBAFAB
3/30	BEATLES VS STONES













UPCOMING SHOWS

3/31	MORGAN JAMES: From White to Blue, Two Iconic Albums Celebrated	5/24	OINGO BOINGO FORMER MEMBERS
4/9	BUDDY GUY	5/25	Music Legend DICK DALE
4/18	An Evening with THE MUSICAL BOX	5/30	LITTLE RIVER BAND
4/20	LOS LOBOS	6/1	DESPERADO (Eagles Tribute)
4/26	REVEREND HORTON HEAT	6/7	ASIA ft. John Payne
4/27	AMBROSIA	6/15	DSB (Journey Tribute)
4/28	KEIKO MATSUI	7/13	LOS LONELY BOYS
5/4	BERLIN	8/20	HERMAN'S HERMITS
5/18	THE 5TH DIMENSION	8/21	HERMAN'S HERMITS
5/22	WILLIE K	8/22	GARY PUCKETT AND THE UNION GAP
5/23	PUDDLES PITY PARTY		

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concert guide»



COURTESY OF THURSDAY

Friday

FRIDAY NAMM JAM, WITH BLACK MONGOOSE, BREAKING THE LAW; SPECIAL GUEST BRIAN TICHY AND FRIENDS: 9 p.m., $17. 21+. Marty's On Newport, 14401 Newport Ave., Tustin, (714) 544-1995; www.martysonnewport.com.

LP, LAUREN RUTH WARD, THE SLUGS: 8 p.m., $27.50. all ages. The Observatory, 3503 S. Harbor Blvd., Santa Ana. (714) 957-0600. www.observatoryoc.com.

PLINI: 7 p.m., $30. all ages. House of Blues at Anaheim GardenWalk, 400 W. Disney Way, Anaheim. (714) 778-2583; www.houseofblues.com/anaheim.

THE SCHIZOPHONICS SOUL REVUE, THE MAGNIFICENT, WITH STRANGERS: 8 p.m., $10. 21+. The Wayfarer, 843 W. 19th St., Costa Mesa. (949) 764-0039. www.wayfarercm.com

Saturday

FILMSPEED, PINK SPIDERS, BRISTOL TO MEMORY, DEVIL SEASON, BEACHWOOD COYOTES, ODD ROBOT: 7 p.m., $10. all ages. Chain Reaction, 1652 Lincoln Ave., Anaheim. (714) 635-6067. www.allages.com

GILBY CLARKE: 7 p.m., $18. all ages. House of Blues at Anaheim GardenWalk, 400 W. Disney Way, Anaheim. (714) 778-2583. www.houseofblues.com/anaheim.

THE HIGH CURBS, THIS UNION MAGIC, AUDACITY: 8 p.m., $10. all ages. The Observatory, 3503 S. Harbor Blvd., Santa Ana. (714) 957-0600. www.observatoryoc.com

LOS HIJOS DESORDENADOS (MALDITA VECINDAD TRIBUTE): 9 p.m., $10. 21+. Marty's On Newport, 14401 Newport Ave., Tustin. (714) 544-1995. www.martysonnewport.com

SWINGIN' UTTERS: 8 p.m., $18–$19. 21+. Alex's Bar, 2313 E. Anaheim St., Long Beach. (562) 434-8292, www.alexsbar.com

WHITNEY MORGAN, ALEX WILLIAMS: 9 p.m., $25–$75 (sold out). 21+. Marty's On Newport, 14401 Newport Ave., Tustin, (714) 544-1995, www.martysonnewport.com

Sunday

BAS: 8 p.m., $17.50. all ages. The Observatory, 3503 S. Harbor Blvd., Santa Ana. (714) 957-0600; www.observatoryoc.com.

SCHOOL OF ROCK HUNTINGTON BEACH: 10:30 a.m., $10. all ages. House of Blues at Anaheim GardenWalk, 400 W. Disney Way, Anaheim, (714) 778-2583. www.houseofblues.com/anaheim.

SCHOOL OF ROCK TUSTIN PRESENTS: JANUARY SHOWCASES: 11:30 a.m., $10. all ages. Garden Amp, 12762 Main St., Garden Grove. (949) 415-8544. gardenamp.com.

VICKY & THE VENGEANTS; THE ELECTRIC MESS, HONEYCHAIN: 8 p.m., $7. 21+. Alex's Bar, 2313 E. Anaheim St., Long Beach. (562) 434-8292; www.alexsbar.com

Monday

DCR POLLOCK, SWAN POOL, ALL THINGS BLUE, JOSH OEL: 8 p.m., free. 21+. The Wayfarer, 843 W. 19th St., Costa Mesa. (949) 764-0039. www.wayfarercm.com

JOJI: 8 p.m., $30–$99. all ages. The Observatory, 3503 S. Harbor Blvd., Santa Ana. (714) 957-0600. www.observatoryoc.com.

LARRY ANO HIS FLASK: 9 p.m., $12.50. 21+. Marty's On Newport, 14401 Newport Ave., Tustin. (714) 544-1995. www.martysonnewport.com

Tuesday

JOJI: 8 p.m., $20. all ages. The Observatory, 3503 S. Harbor Blvd., Santa Ana, (714) 957-0600. www.observatoryoc.com.

WHITEY MORGAN: 8 p.m., $25–$75. 21+. Marty's On Newport, 14401 Newport Ave., Tustin, (714) 544-1995; www.martysonnewport.com.

Wednesday

CHICANO SOUL NIGHT, WITH THE HURRICANES: 10 p.m., free. 21+. Marty's On Newport, 14401 Newport Ave., Tustin, (714) 544-1995; www.martysonnewport.com.

HIPPO CAMPUS, NOW, NOW: 8 p.m., $26–$99. all ages. The Observatory, 3503 S. Harbor Blvd., Santa Ana. (714) 957-0600. www.observatoryoc.com.

THURSDAY 20 YEARS FULL COLLAPSE: 8 p.m., $35. all ages. Chain Reaction, 1652 Lincoln Ave., Anaheim. (714) 635-6067. www.allages.com.

Thursday, Jan. 31

MINERAL: 8 p.m., $30. all ages. The Constellation Room, 3503 S. Harbor Blvd., Santa Ana, (714) 957-0600, www.observatoryoc.com

STRAWBERRY MOUNTAIN, BAND APARTE, MINO MONOGRAM, SLICE: 8 p.m., $5. 21+. Alex's Bar, 2313 E. Anaheim St., Long Beach. (562) 434-8292, www.alexsbar.com

THURSDAY 20 YEARS, WAN ALL THE TIME.: 8 p.m., $35. all ages. Chain Reaction, 1652 Lincoln Ave., Anaheim. (714) 635-6067. www.allages.com.

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Furry Road

I'm an early-30s hetero woman in a monogamous relationship with my mid-30s hetero guy. We've have together 10 years, married seven, no kids. We have a lot of fun—traveling, shared hobbies, mutual friends, etc. We have sex fairly regularly, and it's not bad. However his primary sexual fetish and main turn-on is furry porn—namely cartoon images. He doesn't self-identify as a furry; he doesn't have a fursuit or fursona. To his credit, he was upfront about this with me once we started getting serious. However, I think at that younger age, I conflated the emotional openness and acceptance of his sexuality with actually being satisfied with the sexual component of our relationship. He seems only marginally attracted to me, and it burns me that his more intense sexual drives are funneled into furry porn. I feel somewhat helpless, as his fetish doesn't allow me to meet him halfway. Real-life furry action (fursuits and the like) does not interest him (I've offered). We have sex regularly, but I always initiate, and his enthusiasm in middling until we get going, at which point I think we both enjoy ourselves. But I've found that this turns into a negative feedback loop, in which his lack of initial interest leads to me being less attracted to him and so on. I consider myself a fairly sexual person, and I get a lot of pleasure out of being desired. We're talking about starting a family, and I'm scared the pressures that come with parenthood will only make this worse.

Fretting Under Relationship Shortcomings

Nothing I write is going to fix this—and nothing I write is going to fix him. FURS, not that your husband is broken. He is who he is, and he had the decency to let you know who he was before you married him. But nothing I write is going to put you at the center of your husband's erotic inner life. Nothing I write is going to inspire him to initiate more (or at all) or cause him to be more enthusiastic about sex. Nothing I write is going to make your husband want you the way you want to be wanted, desire you the way you want to be desired, and fuck you the way you want to be fucked.

So the question you need to ask yourself before you make babies with this man—the question I would have urged you to ask yourself before you married this man—is whether you can live without the pleasure you get from being desired. Is that the price of admission you're willing to pay to be with this man? Maybe it once was, but is it still? Because if monogamy is what you want or what he wants or what you both want, FURS, then choosing to be with this man—choosing to be with someone you enjoy spending time with, who's "not bad" at sex, whose most passionate erotic interests direct him away from you—means going without the pleasure of being wanted the way you want to be wanted, desired the way you want to be desired, and fucked the way you want to be fucked.

Your husband was upfront with you about his sexuality before you got married. Everyone should be, of course, but so few people are—particularly people who have been made to feel ashamed of their sexuality or their fetishes or both—that we're inclined to keep praise on people who manage to clear what should be a low bar. At the time, you mistook "emotional openness" and your willingness to accept his sexuality for both sexual compatibility and sexual satisfaction. I think you owe it to yourself to be upfront with your husband before you have kids. He's getting a good deal here—decent sex with the wife and the freedom to take care of needs his wife can't meet. And you're free to ask for a similar deal—decent sex with your husband and the freedom to take care of needs your husband can't meet.

There's a far greater degree of risk involved in you going outside the relationship to feel desired—of course—you seeing another man or men comes bundled with emotional and physical risks that wanking to furry porn does not. This isn't an apples-to-apples comparison. But if your shared goal as a couple is mutual sexual fulfillment—and that should be every couple's goal—and if you want to avoid becoming so frustrated that you make a conscious decision to and your marriage (or a subconscious decision to sabotage it), FURS, then opening up the relationship needs to be a part of the discussion.

Please discuss cuckolding in all its forms. Also all of the emotional risks and potential sexual rewards.

A Potential Cuckoldress

It would take two years' worth of columns—even more—to discuss cuckolding in all its forms, unpack all the risks and game out all the potential rewards. Since I can't possibly do that, APC, I'm going to send you to *Keys and Anklets* (keysandanklets.com), a terrific podcast dedicated to "the cuckold and hotwife lifestyle." The host, Michael C., is engaging, funny and wise, and his interviews with cuck couples and bulls are incredibly illuminating. If you're considering entering into a cuckold relationship, you'll definitely want to start listening to *Keys and Anklets*.

I'm a twentysomethog woman engaged to a wonderful twentysomething man. I'm the kinky one. I've dabbled in BDSM and definitely have a taste for pain and degradation. My boyfriend, meanwhile, considers himself a feminist and struggles with degrading me. I've been very patient and settled for very vanilla sex for a couple of years now. However, every now and then, he'll joke about peeing on me when we shower together. I'm curious about watersports and would totally give it a try! I've tried to get more information from him on where these jokes are coming from, but he always changes the subject. And recently when I tried to make a joke back, I said the absolute wrong thing. "Okay, R. Kelly, settle down." Then was right before we watched *Surviving R. Kelly*. I'm afraid that joke may have sent any potential watersports play down the toilet. (Pun intended!) Any advice on how to get him to open up next time he makes one of these jokes?

Wants A Totally Exciting Relationship

You might want to rewind the first letter in this week's column, WATER, and then dig into the Savage Love archives and check out the thousands of letters I've responded to from people who failed to establish basic sexual compatibility before marrying their partners. Settling down requires some settling for, of course—and everyone winds up paying the price of admission. But sexual compatibility is something you want to establish before the wedding, not after.

At the very least, WATER, don't marry a man to whom you can't make simple observations about sex and ask simple questions about sex. Like this statement/question/statement combo: "You joke about peeing on me, and I want to know if you would actually like to pee on me because I would like to be peed on." Pissing on you doesn't make him R. Kelly, a man who has been credibly accused of raping underage girls and sexually and emotionally abusing—even imprisoning—adult women. If R. Kelly had raped numerous women and girls in the missionary position, WATER, all the other men out there who enjoy sex in the missionary position don't become rapists by default. Where there is consent—enthusiastic consent—then it, whatever it is (missionary position sex, peeing on a partner), isn't abusive. Sex play involving pain or degradation often requires more detailed conversations about consent, of course, but jokes and hints are a shitty way to negotiate consent for any kind of sex. Always go with unambiguous statements ("I would like to be peed on") and direct questions ("Would you like to pee on me?").

On the Lovecast *(savagelovecast.com), a case against Grindr for online harassment. Contact Dan via mail@savagelove.net, follow him on Twitter @fakedansavage, and visit ITMFA.org.*

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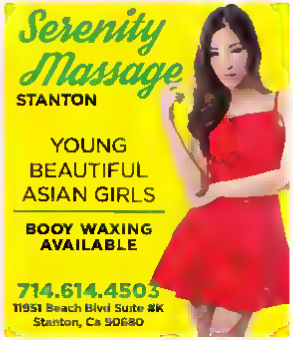
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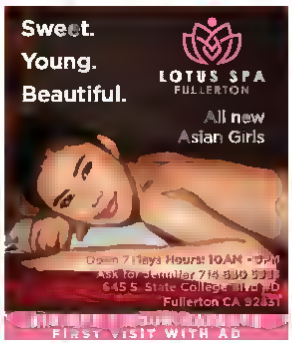

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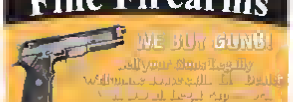
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A Treehouse Grew in Norwalk

Exactly what drove a local unemployed actor to set the world's record for tree-sitting in 1982?

BY ALEXANDER HAMILTON CHERIN

On July 4, 1982, 29-year-old Timothy Roy climbed to the top of a 15-foot wooden ladder and settled, unceremoniously and with little fanfare, into a 6-foot-by-8-foot treehouse perched above the eighth hole of the Golf N' Stuff miniature golf course in Norwalk.

And there he stayed for the next 431 days, two hours and 30 minutes. With only the ebb and flow of the 605 freeway's commuter traffic serving as a backdrop, Roy's tenure endured the release of Michael Jackson's "Thriller," Argentina's invasion of the Falkland Islands and the entire 1982-1983 NBA season. He finally came down in September 1983.

During his long and what must have been lonely event, he did have all the trappings of a comfortable home—a sink, a working toilet and food (often provided by local fast-food joints with the hope of catching a quick picture that could be used for cheap marketing fliers). And by all accounts, there were several hundred curiosity-seekers who came by at various times to gawk, providing him what would have likely been a modicum of company.

What he didn't have, necessarily, was a mission—other than to draw attention to himself. By all accounts, he was an out-of-work actor, and the stunt took place in the waning days of a Screen Actors Guild strike. But there is nothing to suggest the event was political or intended to be part of a movement.

In fact, the only remnant of the effort is a slightly faded, brown, hand-painted sign affixed to the tree near the southeast corner of the Golf N' Stuff, between the eighth and ninth holes and within plain sight of two other icons of the property, the dragon's mouth and the large windmill.

The sign contains a rudimentary drawing of a king (making it seem more of a proclamation) and reads, in part, "Treehouse Trivia—This is the very treehouse in which TWO Guinness Book Tree Sitting Records were established."

Roy's predecessor in the feat was 23-year-old Glen Woodrich, who perched himself in that same treehouse for 182 days in 1978, earning him a Guinness Record at the time. Similarly apolitical, there is nothing to suggest that Woodrich's endeavor was done to be anti-war—or even anti-golf for that matter.

The sign details Roy's early-'80s record-breaking excursion and anoints him as the "Current Champion," perhaps begging others to pursue a similar record. The treehouse still stands, ready to accommodate any millennial who accepts such a provocative invitation. One can only hope.

Although the city of Norwalk is technically part of Los Angeles County, its proximity to Orange County, both geographically and culturally, is undeniable. Tori Greger, a current OC resident who worked at the Golf N' Stuff during the stunt, recalls residents from Huntington Beach and other OC cities coming to the property to check out the man she and others came to know colloquially as "Treehouse Tim."

But one still wonders: Why?

Directly in the wake of grander stunts from the 1970s, such as Evel Knievel jumping school busses and the Snake River Canyon, perhaps tree-sitting seemed more in sync with our isolationist tendencies of the early 1980s. Such a stunt may not have worked a few years later in the overt bravado of the Reagan-era Cold War, during which it may have been considered too passive.

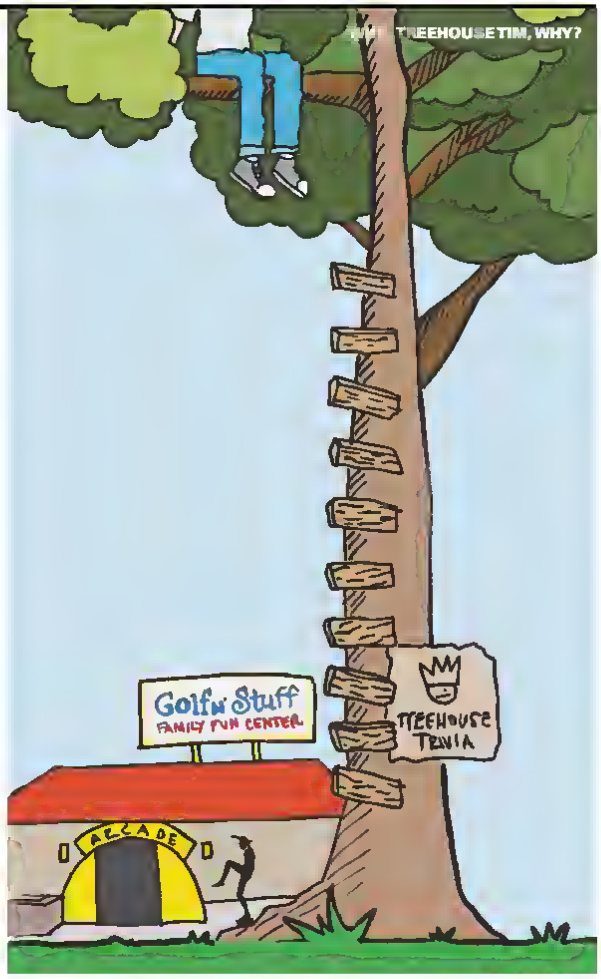
But maybe Roy was a bit ahead of his time. In the 1990s and 2000s, tree-sitting would have been taken way too seriously. Reports suggest that young, political idealists from progressive groups such as Earth First! and Greenpeace have employed the act as a form of serious protest in conjunction with both the Paris Accords and recent G7 meetings.

But nobody would rightfully accuse Roy of such blatant political overtones. Despite being 35 miles directly southeast, his stunt had all the makings of pure Hollywood.

"I treated this as a movie production," he once told *People* magazine. "I wrote it, I produced it, and I acted in this production. It wasn't in the script for me to get sick, so I didn't. I just played my part until the curtain fell."

And as with any halfway decent Hollywood script, Roy's stunt didn't have a prototypical happy ending. There are no records (at least that I could find) indicating that Roy went back to work as an actor or gained any type of notoriety aside from the aforementioned blurb in *People* and an Associated Press wire story. But he is on that sign, which is perhaps enough.

As for the setting itself? Just a year after Roy descended the wooden ladder for the last time, three Southern California teenagers who had gone to the same Golf N' Stuff one April night were murdered nearby. According to newspaper accounts, Eddie Kaster had stumbled toward the miniature golf course to alert someone, anyone, of the bodies of his sister, Rachel, and their friend Veronica Flores in the bed of the San Gabriel River, which runs parallel to the property. He died soon after, and the horrific murders were never solved. Greger and others who worked at the miniature golf course at the time recall, rightfully so, that event as "more memorable than the treehouse guy."



MICHAEL ZIOMKOWSKI

Later that year, the property was once again front and center to some extent with the release of the original *Karate Kid* (yes, the film with Ralph Macchio), which had scenes filmed there. Collectively, all of the activity surrounding the Norwalk Golf N' Stuff in and around the early 1980s once prompted a law-school colleague, John Skilut, to opine that the owners should hire a full-time docent.

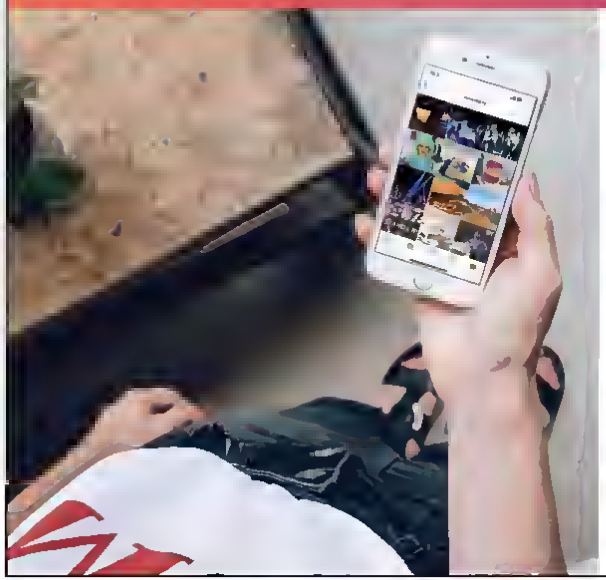
But for all of the ups and downs that have occurred there, the faded sign remains a visceral reminder to current patrons of perhaps the most quintessential '80s cultural event that transpired on the grounds. What it does not explain, at least outwardly, is that only in early-'80s Southern California can a grown man sit in a treehouse and be romanticized for it years later.

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Cherin is a Los Angeles-based attorney and lobbyist. He lives in Long Beach.



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